

ABOUT "BARB."

BY O. P.

HIS A REGULAR little barbarian!" we said, some- times despairing. "And it's a positive comfort to call him 'Barb' for short!" For his real name—will it be be- lieved of this poor, helpless mite of ebon humanity?—was Barbarossa Napoleon Bonaparte Smith!

How his mother ever came to hear of such a name always perplexed us. Of course, having heard of it, we did not wonder at the selection; her race has always shown a love for high-sounding cognomens. Barb's first ap- pearance among us was in this wise: One gray November afternoon, Lois and I were left alone in the house, mamma having gone out on one of the Good Samaritan errands, the sleet and snow drove sharply against the win- dows, and the wind whistled defiance to the fire that glowed and crackled. Suddenly the door-bell rang a loud, resonant peal, and I went and opened the door.

There, on the upper step, stood the forlornest little figure artist ever painted! A small apparition, as black as blackness can be compared with anything but itself! With a jacket and pants that suggested the "rags and jags" of the nursery rhyme—"With shoes like the mouth of a fish;" with a straw hat innocent of brim; with snow powdering his woolly hair; sleet on his curly lashes; snow sifting down his back, and drifting over him and whirling around him. I surveyed him a minute in astonished silence, and he returned my stare with round, shining, unwinning eyes. Then he in- quired, composedly, "Is Mrs. Smith at home?" I began to say that he must have mistaken the house, for no such person lived here, when Lois, whom curiosity had attracted to the open doorway, remarked that perhaps he might mean our Nancy, whose last name was Smith, though we had scarcely had occasion to recall that fact in the sixteen years she had been in our service. On this suggestion I informed the apparition that Mrs. Smith wasn't at home, and wouldn't be till late in the evening; but I would deliver any message. He displayed a row of astonishingly white teeth in a cheerful grin, stepped in, and first carefully wiping his apologies for shoes, and closing the door, said, de- cidedly: "Oh, if Mrs. Smith lives here, I'm a-goin' to live here, too. She's my gran'mother; I'm Barbarossa Napoleon Bonaparte Smith. I've come to stay, and I'm not goin' away again any more at all."

Lois and I looked at him and then at each other, and then asked him in.



A BLACK APPARITION.

We were soon in possession of the "short and simple annals" of his 11 years. He satisfied us, past a doubt, that he was the child of our Nancy's son, whom she had left behind her in Georgia, when, sixteen years ago, she came North and entered mamma's service. He had enjoyed life fairly well, until, six months ago, his mother died. Seven weeks later his father took another helpmeet, who seems to have proved anything but a tender parent to Barb. "She jest made de house too debble hot to hold me," he said, with expressive em- phasis. "Wasn't she a master hand at pinchin' and bangin'—look-a-ere!" and, with a sudden gesture, he rolled his large, loose sleeve up to the shoul- der, showing on the thin little arm marks and scars that made tender- hearted Lois cover her face, with a lit- tle plying cry. He had made up his mind, Barb said, not to bear it any longer; and one starlit night, without a penny in the world, and with half a corn-cake in his pocket, he had started off to find the unknown grand- mother, "up Norf." How he reached here he himself could hardly tell—by stolen rides on freight cars; by odd jobs on canal boats; by begging a "lift" whenever he found a team bound northward—telling his simple story whenever he could find a lis- tener, he had found his way hither at last, and now sat, a living illustration of what perseverance can accomplish, before our sitting-room fire.

Why should I try to tell you how Barb became a regular and settled in- mate of our household, when I myself do not know how it came about? Was it because of his own calm assurance that it was so foreordained? Was it because he had the most mischiev- ous eyes and the drollest laugh in the world? We never knew.

But let me have no claim to writing Barbarossa's history for the two years

he was with us; for should I attempt such a thing, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" would be a mere sketch.

But what mischief wasn't that boy guilty of? After overhearing us, one day, regretting that our little Scotch terrier's ears should be so prominent, didn't he stick that unfortunate ani- mal's ears close to his head with shoe- maker's wax, and then proudly exhibit him to us, as an instance of the tri- umph of art over nature? And didn't he bring desolation into Lois' dainty room, in the vain effort to discover a secret panel there? Some street com- rade of his, an ardent reader of dime novels, had related to him a thrilling story, in which secret panels figured largely; and thereafter Barb's sole ob- ject in life was to discover such a panel in our old-fashioned house. One day he found that, beside the chimney in Lois' room, the paper, upon being tapped, gave forth a hollow sound. Coincidence. So did the paper in the yellow-covered novel. It was the work of a moment for Barb, in his eager certainty of hidden treasure, to run his knife under the paper, lift it up, and—oh, me! oh, me! The soot-box that hadn't been opened for twenty years! The soot that in a thick, black cloud settled on the fair, white cur- tains, clung to the counterpane, made the whole dainty room dingy and soiled and uninhabitable! Barb fled. Before me, on the screen, I see him as he looked that night when we had dis- covered the disaster, searched for, but failed to find him, and were begin- ning to fear he had run away, and he emerged from the ash-barrel, where he had lain concealed all the afternoon and stood among us, surely the most wretched figure that was ever seen.

It was after this, but not long, that we began to be troubled about Barb. Often he was gone all day, returning at night, unable to give a satisfactory account of himself; often we heard of him in company of boys it were bet- ter he should not know. Nancy's threats, Lois' gentleness, mamma's pa- tience, seemed to avail nothing. We had almost made up our minds that Barb must leave us, when, one No- vember afternoon, about two years from the day he had appeared among us, we heard of Barb for the last time. Oh, poor Barb! poor Barb! Down in the crowded streets, he had joined a crowd which a sudden alarm of fire had called together; in his excitement he had not heard the cries which warned him of an engine's being close upon him. There was no time to rein in the galloping horses; no one had been to blame. Oh, poor Barb!

"He's at Station B, ma'am," the offi- cer said. "The doctor says it can't be long, for his lungs are hurt bad. He kept moaning for Miss Lois! Miss Lois! and as soon as we could make out where he came from the chief sent me to tell you."

We hurried on cloaks and hats and followed the officer into the chilly No- vember dusk. It was a little whitewashed cell. Barb was lying on a low pallet, cov- ered with a rough, gray blanket. His eyes were closed, and they did not open as we came in. When Nancy saw him lying so, the wan, gray shad- ow on his set, still face, she rushed forward and threw herself on her knees beside him, with a passionate cry: "Oh, Barb! Barb! Ye're done goin' to die, and ye haven't got religion, and ye'll go into the fiery furnace forever and foreber!"

Lois gently drew Nancy away, and knelt in her place, taking both the lit- tle, bruised, black hands in hers. "Don't listen to her, Barb," she said. "She doesn't know what she says. Dear, try to hear and understand what I say. Do you remember the Good Man I used to tell you about, Sunday nights? The one, you know, who healed the sick, and took little chil- dren in His arms? You are going to Him, Barb; and He will love you, and help you, and teach you how to live." The gray lips moved faintly. "Will He be good to me, like you are, Miss Lois? Will He let me get my bref, without its hurtin' me so orful?"

"Dear," she said, "He will be better to you than you can ask or think. Barb, I want you to try and say to Him the little prayer I taught you. Try, dear, try!"

Into the silence the weak voice fal- tered, while Barb held fast the kind hands that seemed an anchorage for him, who was drifting so fast away:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray—de—Lord—"

No need, oh, Barb! No need to fin- ish that prayer! The soul you would have commended to His holy keeping had gone to Him.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

During a recent discussion on the "Outcome of Sanitation," at the Parkes Museum, London, Dr. Louis Parkes, medical officer of health for the Chelsea district, read some interesting figures relating to the births, deaths and marriages during the queen's reign:

Mar. Births. Deaths.			
1841-50.....	16.1	32.6	22.4
1851-60.....	16.9	34.1	22.2
1861-70.....	16.6	35.2	22.5
1871-80.....	16.2	35.4	21.4
1881-90.....	14.9	32.5	19.1
1891-95.....	15.2	30.5	18.7

Dr. Parkes went on to say that it was generally supposed that during years of prosperity there were more marriages, but nowadays the working classes had a higher standard of com- fort than had their predecessors, and they were less inclined to make im- provident marriages. Indeed there had been an alteration in the manners and customs of the country. The decline in the number of marriages had brought about a great reduction in the number of births, and in the third column the death rate was shown to be rapidly declining, that of course being due to improvement in the health and sanitation of the towns.

DRUGGISTS AS DOCTORS.

Called on to Prescribe for All Sorts of Ailments.

Although few retail druggists are doctors, all druggists are called upon much more frequently than are regular practitioners for medical advice and instantaneous relief, says the New York Tribune. In communities where the druggist and doctor are struggling for a livelihood the latter watches the former with a jealous eye. Persons of moderate means who have petty ail- ments invariably call upon the near- est druggist to prescribe and adminis- ter relief. Should the proprietor of the pharmacy plead that it would be unlawful for him to usurp the func- tions of a physician his customer will, with a shrug of the shoulders, amble off to hunt up a druggist with less conscience. There are some retail druggists in New York city who as a matter of business policy never pre- scribe a remedy, no matter how well known or how urgent the applicant may be. "Go to a doctor and get your prescription," they will say, "and we will fill it for you." A Broadway druggist, who admits that he exercises a liberal discretion in dealing with applications for immediate relief, kept a record one day of the ailments for which he had been called to prescribe off-hand. His first customer in that line was a woman who had a nervous twitching of the right eyelid. He ad- ministered a quieting lotion and ac- cepted 35 cents in full payment for his services and the lotion. Another woman came in with a toothache. She got some advice gratis and a vial of toothache drops for 25 cents. Next came a man who had cut the end of one of his thumbs nearly off with a saw. He had no money with which to pay a surgeon, consequently the druggist washed the cut with an antiseptic, put some healing salve on it and band- aged it neatly, all for half a dollar. Pretty soon a diffident young woman entered the store and expressed the fear that she had a "touch of malaria." She wanted the druggist to look at her tongue and give her something. He looked at the tongue and gave her a few grains of quinine. The next ap- plicant was a young man whose hair was coming out. Following him in quick succession were a woman who wanted something to make her sleep, a man with a queer pain in his chest, another man with a numbness in his right leg, a boy with a silver in his foot, a bicycle girl with a sprained an- kle, a consumptive with a hemorrhage and half a dozen victims of indigestion in its various forms. In not one of these cases was there any tender of fee for the advice and services rendered, but simply payment for the remedial supplied.

SELLS MICE FOR A LIVING.

French Woman Whose Clients Include Some Great Physicians.

Verily one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Equally true is it that never before were there so many curious ways of making a living as there are at present, says the New York Herald. There have been physicians in Paris for several centuries, but not until quite recently did any of them think it necessary to make a contract by the terms of which they are to receive a certain number of mice during the current year. The general public was rather surprised when it heard of this contract, for the reason that the physicians, who act in this matter as a committee of the fac- ulty of medicine, agree to pay a good price for the mice, whereas there are many persons in Paris who would be only too glad to make the doctors a present of these ravenous animals. The physicians, however, know what they are about. They want mice, but they don't want ordinary, everyday mice. Only cultured, well fed, dainty mice will suit them, and they have given the contract to Mme. Alexandre, because they know that she is the only person in Paris who can supply or demand any number of such desirable animals. Yes, Mme. Alexandre's busi- ness in life is to furnish mice to Rich- et, Chantemesse and several other lead- ing specialists in Paris and elsewhere. She also keeps rabbits and guinea pigs, but mice are her specialty. It is fif- teen years since she first began to sup- ply animals to the Pasteur Institute, the Municipal laboratory and several other such places. She has hardly any competitors, and she has more orders than she can well fill. She feeds her mice exclusively on bread and milk. Her clients insist that the animals must be white and plump, and she finds this diet the best for them. When they are three months old they are ready for the doctors, and she seldom has any on hand after that age. She disposes of these hapless victims, not only to her regular clients in Paris, but also to several persons in London and Geneva. The little mice are well able to stand a long journey, and they are as fresh when they arrive in Lon- don as they were when they left Paris. Madame is never short of mice. At present she has about 1,000 on hand, and as these animals multiply very rapidly she will have double that num- ber in an incredibly short time.

Look Out for a Cold Winter.

E. J. White, a pioneer trapper and hunter of Minnesota, stakes his repu- tation on the prediction of a cold win- ter. He says the wild animals, deer particularly, have especially thick coats this year, and that the muskrats are building their houses high and with thick walls—signs which, he says, have never failed within his ex- perience.

The colored people of the United States maintain seven colleges, seven- teen academies and fifty high schools

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Milk Producers and Consumers.

MODERN investiga- tion has shown without question that milk is a sub- stance which is easily contaminat- ed, and is not in- frequently the me- dium through which dreaded dis- eases are trans- mitted to humans.

Typhoid fever, consumption, diphe- thria and scarlet fever are all germ diseases and milk is a substance in which these germs will thrive. The wash water from a house where typhoid exists, may drain through the soil into the well and con- taminate it. This disease affected water, if used to rinse milk pans or cans, or to set cans in to cool milk, may be the means of transmitting the disease to the milk and thence to the human subject. All intelligent physi- cians and dairymen, in consequence, recognize the necessity of great clean- liness about the cow stable and dairy, having sanitary conditions of a high order. With these features enforced, with healthy cows, wholesome food and proper milk delivery, one should be able to supply the market with pure milk. The enforcement of good sani- tary conditions about cows supplying city and town consumers of milk is mainly within the control of boards of health. No persons, however, should have a greater interest in this matter than the consumers themselves. If the patrons of persons supplying consum- ers with milk would visit the farms and stables from which their milk is derived, they would be able to ascer- tain reasonably well if the sanitary conditions are favorable or not to a healthy or wholesome milk. Persons giving milk to young children, certain- ly should examine into the source of it. If this were done by more parents the mortality each summer among young children would be far less. Every pro- gressive, intelligent, fair-minded milk producer will welcome an inspection of his cows, stables and dairy by his pa- trons. The man who does not is not a safe one to buy milk from. Consum- ers should put a premium on the char- acter of the milk supplied them, and should in every way possible encour- age the efforts of the dairymen who endeavor to place the best article on the market. Within very recent years, some dairymen have begun to sell milk which has been handled with extra care, to insure a high grade purity and wholesomeness. This is sometimes called "certified milk," due to the fact that the producer certifies as to the feed and character of his cows and the handling of the milk. Others "pasteurize" or heat to a certain tempera- ture their milk or cream, to destroy or injure disease germs, if any perchance occur in it. At one fine dairy in In- diana all the milk is sprayed through sterilized aid and then made very cold in an air tight chamber, after which it is bottled. These improved methods of preparation are bound to become more common each year, from the very fact, if for no other, that they receive the indorsement of the intelligent physician. Our consumers should encourage this production. Progressive dairymen, selling pure, high-grade milk should be encouraged. The consum- ers should show their appreciation of their efforts. One, however, cannot over-estimate the importance of consum- ers familiarizing themselves with the source of their milk and its sur- roundings, and insisting that condi- tions be of a high sanitary character.

The X Ray and the Hen.

The Poultry Monthly says: Verily, "the world do move," and in no direc- tion is this fact more pronounced than in the application of scientific discov- ery to the practical affairs of everyday life. An enlightened poultry culture is also feeling a quickening of its pulses along new and advanced lines, and the result is certainly promising for a great future. Every new idea helps the race. No sooner is the X or Roentgen ray a practical demonstra- tion, than it at once finds use in a thousand different directions. It has been applied to the chicken business. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, the millionaire Hawaiian planter of San Francisco, owns a bonanza poultry ranch in Sonoma county, on which are running some 10,000 fowls. Now out of that number there are necessarily a good many sterile or barren females—the drones of the poultry yards. If the Roentgen rays will locate a dime in a small boy's stomach, why will it not "show up" a non-laying hen? No sooner thought than acted on. A test case was made with twelve chickens, eight of which were found with eggs and four barren. A subsequent post- mortem examination confirmed the deduc- tion of the X rays. What followed? Bless your dear heart, an X ray plant was added to the establishment and all females put through the test. Result? There was a glut in the local poultry market, and a corresponding reduction in Mr. Spreckels' feed bill. Is this not a practical application of sci- ence to one's bank account?

Iowa Butter in England.

Of the butter shipped direct to En- gland from New Hampton, Ia., the Ga- zette of that place had the following to say: "Some weeks ago several creameries in this part of the county made up a car load of butter which was shipped to England direct from this city as a trial shipment. This but- ter has safely arrived and is reported in excellent condition except one lot. At the time it was shipped and during its transit the weather was the hottest it has been in two years and the com- mission men to whom it was sent de- cided it was better to put it in cold storage for two weeks in Liverpool be- fore it was offered for sale, so no re- turns have been received, but there is no doubt that it will bring a good price when put on the market. Another car load will soon be shipped from here to the same parties by the different creameries of the county. A car load of 450 butter boxes have just arrived in which to pack the butter. The boxes are a much better lot than the others were and are all put together so that the creamery people will not have to nail them together."

Value of Tuberculin.

The Minnesota experiment station has published a bulletin on tuberculo- sis, which is extremely valuable, says Our Grange Homes. Arguments which have been used against the tuberculin test are mentioned and refuted, and it is shown that where there is a possi- bility of danger there is danger. An apparently sound udder does not guar- antee non-tuberculous milk. The pre- ponderance of tuberculosis exists under poor stable conditions with poor ven- tilation, but good stables and ventila- tion do not necessarily prevent infec- tion. The tuberculin test is both ac- curate and practical, and it is not in- jurious to the health of a sound ani- mal. With those that are tubercu- lous it may have a curative effect when the infection has been recent or is of limited extent, and it may aid a ten- dency to recover in other cases. The author is of the opinion that the tuber- culin test should be made a condition of the granting of licenses to sell, and should be made twice a year. Only tested bulls should be used, and calves from tuberculous mothers should be reared upon milk from non-tubercu- lous cows or upon sterilized milk. Relat- ive to the subject of tuberculous attendants for cattle the author thinks that the danger from this source has been over- estimated.

Access to Grain.

Many farmers are in the habit of al- lowing their fowls the free run of the farm and this includes free access to the grain bins. Under such conditions it is impossible to keep the birds from eating too much grain and the result will be seen later in the season when the fowls begin to die of indigestion. In such cases, where the farmer cannot prevent his flocks from filling up on grain during the day, it would be bet- ter to keep them shut up at night and not allow them to go out in the morn- ing till they have had a hearty break- fast of scalded soft food. This may tend to prevent them eating such large quantities of grain.

Fall Milk Shortage.—It is a mistake to have a falling off in milk at the time of short pasturage. The advan- tages from soiling crops are: Less land will maintain a given number of cat- tle, the food supply will be better regu- lated, the animals will not waste en- ergy in searching for food, and the ma- nure can all be saved and applied to the soil.—Ex.

Separator Milk.—When you get a separator, knock to pieces every wall barrel on the farm. Feed the calves and pigs as soon as the milk is sepa- rated. The milking and feeding is soon done, and there is no after hand'ing of the milk. The stock gets the milk sweet, warm and regularly, which is all in the line of advantage.—Ex.

Do not feed corn during hot weather.

It takes no brains to be a grumbler.

Bacon Hogs.

Now that attention to desirable bacon qualities of hogs is growing there seems to be a disposition to grow for bacon purposes an animal very differ- ent in type from the breeds to which "a streak of fat and a streak of lean" are almost unknown, says Texas Stock and Farm Journal. Of late, agricultural papers have discussed the Medium Yorkshire and the Tamworth, and the latter is growing in favor as a bacon hog among English breeders and seems destined to take a very important place. They are little known in this country and probably there is not one in Texas. Here they are known only by descrip- tion, and to judge from that they seem to be a reversion to the old-fashioned breed of "sandy shotes" with long snouts, such as are yet known in the mountain regions of Kentucky and West Virginia and on the poor lands of the South. Would it not be strange if the razor-back boar should become the valuable sire for the production of animals that will furnish the tables of the rich with their choicest and most cost- ly meats? Yet it is certain that no other bacon has such excellent flavor as that which is found in those parts of the country where the Poland-China and the Berkshire and other so-called "improved" breeds of swine are un- known. The razor-back has his merits. A recent writer has called attention to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon and Ger- man, pork eating races, are highest and strongest in the ranks of civilization. It is not intended here to assert that pork has caused their excellence, but the best pork they have was probably the razor-back of the days when their pre-eminence was established, and that they got his meat by hunting him with dogs and the weapons of the chase.

Cotton Seed Meal.

Charles D. Woods, director of the Maine experiment station, says: Much has been said and written relative to the use of cotton-seed meal as a cattle food. Nearly all investigators agree in giving it a high value and urge dairy- men to use this material not only be- cause it is a cheap source of protein but because it also has a high manur- ial value. Practical feeders differ greatly in their estimates of cotton- seed meal. Some seem to use it very satisfactorily for a while and latter conclude that the feed is not well adapted for their purposes. Occasion- ally a feeder observes that the health of his animals is affected by the feed- ing of cotton-seed too freely, and it sometimes happens that even after ani- mals have been fed for months with apparent success that they are injured by its continued use. It has also hap- pened that cows fed upon cotton-seed meal do well for a time and that later the milk flow is diminished without ap- parent cause. There are at present no other concentrated feeding stuffs which vary so much in composition as cot- ton-seed meals from different sources and different mills. Within three weeks the station has examined samples vary- ing from 22 per cent to over 53 per cent of protein. This great variation in dif- ferent lots of cotton-seed meal may ex- plain the different estimates of differ- ent practical feeders and of the same feeders at different times. If a cow is fed a cotton-seed meal containing 26 per cent protein and is then fed an equal weight of meal containing 52 per cent, it is evident that the amount of protein which she receives will have been doubled by the change. If she has been fed up to her full capacity in the first instance, such an increase must re- sult disastrously. On the other hand, changing from a cotton-seed of high protein content to one of low protein content would diminish the milk flow unless the amount of meal fed is cor- respondingly increased. If it is a cor- rect supposition that much of the trou- ble arising from the use of cotton-seed meal is due to its varying in composi- tion, this can be readily overcome by the feeder. Cotton-seed meal like most concentrated feeding stuffs cannot be legally sold in the state of Maine un- less the chemical composition is stated upon the package. From the known composition of different lots it will be possible to so adjust the amount fed that the size of the ration as measured by its content of protein will be kept unchanged. The variations in composi- tion are so great and the matter is such a serious one to the consumer that he, for his own protection, should re- fuse to purchase concentrated commer- cial feeding stuffs which are not licens- ed as required by law.

Too Much Grain Food.

At this time of year we hear a great deal about indigestion, and will hear more about it as the season grows colder and the birds are more closely confined. For several years we have had no trouble in this direction, for we have followed the plan of giving a breakfast of soft food scalded the night before and allowed to cook by its own heat over night. We believe this to be a complete preventative of indig- estion. The feeding of corn through the whole year, or, in fact, the feed- ing of any grain continuously, will bring on indigestion. The indigestion will make itself manifested in various ways. One of these is in the form of constipation, the bird apparently keenly suffering. The owner too often does not know that anything is the matter, but he would, if he inspected his poul- try, find that such birds showed no in- clination to run about, preferring to sit down or to hover in some sheltered position. This stage is followed by that of great looseness, and the poultry man frequently thinks he has cholera in his flock. The third stage is that where the coop becomes filled with sour, rancid, bad-smelling food and water. It will generally be found that when this stage is reached the case is hopeless, which is frequently true in the second stage. The whole trouble is in the feeding.

Value of Tuberculin.

The Minnesota experiment station has published a bulletin on tuberculo- sis, which is extremely valuable, says Our Grange Homes. Arguments which have been used against the tuberculin test are mentioned and refuted, and it is shown that where there is a possi- bility of danger there is danger. An apparently sound udder does not guar- antee non-tuberculous milk. The pre- ponderance of tuberculosis exists under poor stable conditions with poor ven- tilation, but good stables and ventila- tion do not necessarily prevent infec- tion. The tuberculin test is both ac- curate and practical, and it is not in- jurious to the health of a sound ani- mal. With those that are tubercu- lous it may have a curative effect when the infection has been recent or is of limited extent, and it may aid a ten- dency to recover in other cases. The author is of the opinion that the tuber- culin test should be made a condition of the granting of licenses to sell, and should be made twice a year. Only tested bulls should be used, and calves from tuberculous mothers should be reared upon milk from non-tubercu- lous cows or upon sterilized milk. Relat- ive to the subject of tuberculous attendants for cattle the author thinks that the danger from this source has been over- estimated.

Poor Stock not Economy.—Economy is impossible with one owning poor milching stock, for the attempt will only make them the more unprofitable. True economy will exist in getting a herd of one-third fewer cows which will give the yield he has been receiving. With such a herd the economy exists in better feeding than ever.—Ex.

An increased percentage of fat in the milk increases the quantity of cheese which may be made per 100 pounds of milk in most cases